If the Kansas bachelor tax is a success Massachusetts may lose some of her surplus women.

Perhaps the Chicago doctor who thinks bathing shortens life bases his theory upon the fact that tramps never seem to die off.

The President of Yale University comes forward with a theory that only rich men should go into politics. But a great many men go in just for the purpose of getting rich.

"There are in this city at least 1000 married couples living together, yet never speaking," declares a prominent New York divorce lawyer. What admirable control they have over their tempers!

Somebody clever at figures has found out that the Weather Bureau has cost us about two cents apiece during the year, remarks the Cleveland Plain Dealer. And just think what a lot of weather you get for this insignificant sum.

A New York commission is studying the reasons why Montreal is getting grain carrying trade from the United States, and a Canadian commission is trying to find out why United States ports carry Canadian products. The commissioners really ought to have joint sessions.

A Dallas woman has just died at the age of eighty-six, who was the mother of seventeen children, the grandmother of sixty-eight and the great grandmother of 165. Here's a chance for the President to show his appreciation by something neat in the way of a contribution toward a monument.

The scarcity of divorces in Canada is remarkable. In Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the territories divorces can be obtained only by an act of the Parliament of Canada, and from 1868 to 1900 only sixty-nine were so secured. In the other provinces they may be obtained in the courts, and, during the same period Novia Scotia has granted ninety-two, New Brunswick, seventy-three; British Columbia, forty-seven, and Prince Edward Island none.

A French savant points out that spiders' webs improve the acoustic properties of a room. He says he knew in England a hall that was ideal for the conveyance of sound. In an evil moment it was decided to clean the ceilings, and all the spiders were dislodged. The hall was ruined as a place of speaking. The savant suggests that cotton strings might be hung loosely across ceilings to improve the sound-carrying properties of a room.

The tuberculosis mortality has decreased in New England in the last fifty years even more rapidly among females than among males, and there is little doubt that it will go lower yet if the habit of sleeping with open windows or even out of doors, not merely as a means of cure but also of prevention, once gets established. Without interference with its normal activities this entire Commonwealth may eventually become a great open-air sanatorium; and in that day the hotels of Arizona will run to bad business.

The veneration of intellectual Germany for Goethe has been shocked by a proposition to disfigure the garden of the house in which the poet lived in Weimar, and which is now used as a Goethe National Museum, by cutting off a part of the garden, demolishing a stone wall and substituting for it an iron fence around the remaining part of the garden. Leading artists, professors, academicians and literary men of Berlin have sent a strong protest to the national museum against the proposed step as a "desecration of a historical sanctuary."

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the recent cases of cruelty to soldiers in the German army have been a good thing for America. One officer, Franzke, by name, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and dishonorable discharge from the army on 1520 counts of mistreatment of soldiers and 100 of abuse of authority. This is a remarkable but no doubt not an isolated case. Many good German youths choose to expatriate themselves rather than submit to the brutality, and hundreds of model citizens, driven from the German army, find their way to America's hospitable shores.

Professor Sandford Bell, a fellow in Clark University, declared recently after a scientific investigation of the love question covering a period of fifteen years and embracing 1700 cases, that the love period extends from three years to old age, and that no one is safe from the fever during that time. Men reach their maturity in affairs of the heart at twenty-four and women at twenty-two, he says, and adds that the masculine stages of love are from three to eight years, eight to fourteen, fourteen to twenty-six (maturity), twenty-six to old age, and extending through old age. For women in love he fixes the stages at three to eight, eight to twelve, twelve to twenty-two (maturity), twenty-three to old age and through old age

Are suicides more alarmingly frequent nowadays, or are the newspapers more efficient in chronicling them? Thus asks a distinguished sociologist. Both.

Health Commissioner Darlington, of New York, in speaking of the alarming increase of pneumonia, says the prevalence of the disease is due in a large measure to expectoration in public places. Only another argument in favor of the enforcement of the spitting ordinance.

Holt County, Mo., has a surviving grandchild of a Revolutionary hero. Mrs. Mary McIntyre is her name. Her grandfather was William Montgomery Blair, who was one of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's staff officers at the storming of Stony Point. Mrs. McIntyre has two brothers in Kansas, Uriah and Samuel Blias, and one sister in Missouri, Mrs. Dan Snyder, of Rock Port.

A new application of electricity has been made in France, and now the power is actually used for felling trees. A platinum wire is heated to a white heat by an electric current, and this is simply pulled through the trunk which it cuts like a big cheese. The new invention should find a place in American forests.

Tuberculosis may be fought by wise methods and by foolish ones. To the latter class belongs the plan which the Australian colony of Victoria is said to have adopted. It is proposed to isolate consumptives, whether they like it or not, and send them to a quarantine station. Educating them in regard to the proper precautions for avoiding the spread of infection would be far more sensible.

Dr. d'Arsonval, lecturing in Paris on the effects of electricity upon human beings, expressed the belief that the world is on the eve of a therapeutical revolution, electricity being the medicine of the future. He demonstrated the utility of electrical treatment in skin diseases, and said that under anesthesia produced by electricity a patient could be subjected to light surgical operations without narcotics.

There is nothing new in the idea of taking a supply of oxygen along to breathe when high altitudes are reached in balloons. It has already been tried with excellent results. Dr. Von Schrotter's proposition to imprison an aeronaut in a cage of glass and aluminum filled with that gas may prove an advance on the earlier method, but it is only a development of a plan that is not original with him.

The temperance movement, which began in 1873 with a society of foreign residents of Yokohama, has grown until now there are forty-six of these societies united in a national temperance league. The league represents 3617 members. As a result of their agitation a bill has been passed prohibiting the use of tobacco by children under twenty years of age. Even the United States might profit by such a measure.

The town of Shekpo was destroyed and 2000 villagers massacred on East River, near Canton, China, in an effort to capture Ma Wong Hoi, a noted bandit. The brigand took refuge in Shekpo, his native village. Admiral Fong surrounded the town with 2500 troops. When he requested the elders of the town to deliver Ma Wong Hoi the bandit himself appeared and killed eight soldiers. This so enraged the troops that the admiral permitted a heavy cannonade, which set the town on fire. Two thousand perished, including many women and children.

The model of no structure more famous, certainly none dearer to the people of the South, will be seen at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition than that of "Liberty Hall," the ancestral home of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. The State of Georgia has agreed to erect a model of "Liberty Hall" at its State building. There is no private residence in that State better known than the famous old home of Stephens, and no building about which centres fonder recollections of the great man who made it his home for years.

Statistics of inconsequence are frequently interesting. The latest published in this class comes from a person who took to studying for a few weeks the folk who eyed themselves in a certain elevator having two sides freely set with mirrors, observes the Boston Transcript. His first attempt was to decide whether more women than men patronized the looking glass, during which he learned, perhaps to his surprise, that the patrons were equally divided between the sexes. Next he fell to studying the object of each sex in this contemplation of self, with the result that he opined that men peered into the mirror for the sole purpose of seeing and approving themselves, while with women there seemed to be a desire to be sure their hats were tipped at the right angle and that the numerous bows affected now by the fair sex were all in the place dictated by custom. Thus it seems to be established that vanity alone prompted the men to look, while a commendable wish to be "set right" animated the women.

THE LAMENT OF THE LADIES' MAN.

In youth I never cared for sport;
  Fresh air was not a passion to me;
Athletic feats of any sort
  Sent unrepsonsive shudders through me;
I had, in fact, a sedentary mind,
And hated exercise of any kind.

And so, when others smote the sphere
  With bat or mallet, boots or putter,
I charmed with song the female ear,
  And made the female bosom flutter.
I also played the zither and recited
Poems of young loves prematurely blighted.

I sang, as I have said; I had
  That kind of voice that folks call "fluty;"
I trilled of "Memories strangely sad,"
  Of "Pansies" and the "Eyes of Beauty."
Not more divinely does the early bird
Sing when the worm has recently occurred.

At that delightful hour of gloom,
  Slightly anterior to tea time,
I paralyzed the drawing room
  With trifles of my own in three-time,
Till all the air was heavy with desire,
And prostrate matrons begged me to retire.

Just then a vogue for high romance
  Prevailed, and I'd a pent-up yearning;
The hollow cheek, the hungry glance,
  Betrayed the fever inly burning;
At inconvenient times the thing would out,
Especially when ladies were about.

Somehow the care of female hearts
  At that time always fell to my lot;
Within the maze of Cupid's arts
  I was their guiding star, their pilot;
Not to have loved me with a blinding passion
Was, broadly speaking, to be out of fashion.

But latterly, I don't know why,
  That star has waned, until at last I'm
Left in the lurch while maidens fly
  Toward the ruder forms of pastime;
And now their talk is all of tennis courts,
Of golf, gymkhanas and athletic sports.

I don't complain. I know there'll be
  One of these days a mild renaissance
In the exclusive cult of Me;
  I view the fact with some complaisance;
One day there'll come an era of the brain
And Theodore will be himself again.

—Punch.

His Little Neighbor

By Nettie Burnham

JOHN BRANSCOMBE sat broken - hearted in his dreary little room on the third floor of McCabe's Flats. Outside the sun was shining, but John Branscombe had no eyes for anything but the trouble and despair which stared him in the face. A glance at him was sufficient to convince one that he was a refined man, an intellectual man, utterly out of keeping with his surroundings; for McCabe's Flats were not conspicuous for wealthy inhabitants or luxurious appointments. If anything, there was among them a chronic habit of just scraping the rent together in time to avoid ejectment. They were not a low class of tenants; on the contrary, they were, as a rule, clean-and industrious, hard working, commonplace and honest, who just managed to pay their way and exist, and that was all.

And John Branscombe, who, some seven or eight years before, had a modest competency, a comfortable home, a wife and friends and acquaintances in abundance, had fallen so low that he now sat there with his eyes fixed on the empty stove, staring into vacancy; with his cupboard as bare of food as his heart was full of despair—black, numbing despair.

His mind mechanically reviews the last five or six years of his life, years of boundless energy, untiring efforts, all ending in bitter disappointment. He sees the wife with whom he quarreled and parted after two years of contentment and happiness; he sees the friends with whom he has long since severed all intercourse. He sees his work—his beloved inventions—for which he has sacrificed wife, friends, money, everything, both on the threshold of success, and ending in nothing; the one owing to a lawsuit which has dragged its slow length along for three weary years, and which is now at a standstill for lack of funds to carry it on; the second, on which he had built all his remaining hopes, stolen from him by a rascally agent he had trusted.

Absorbed in his work, fired by ambition, he neglected, unintentionally, his wife, a good woman, but a proud one. When she asked him to choose between his work and herself, his infatuation allowed him to let her go. When he grew harder and colder to his friends, as successive disappointments began to tell on him, he saw their visits grow more and more infrequent, and in his pride said, "Let them stay away." And now, ruined and penniless, robbed of all he has worked for, he sits with only a pistol to console him and to put a tragic end to a tragic life.

He gets up and takes his revolver from an old satchel standing in the corner. He bought it when he was made bankrupt two years ago, and fully intended to use it. A fresh idea took possession of his mind and saved him, hope sprang up again in his heart, and the thought of suicide passed away. Now, with another disaster crushing him down the old notion of ending it all has come back to him, and his mind for the last week has dwelt upon little else. He has not delayed because he has hesitated, or because he is afraid; he has just simply gone living on in a dull, meaningless way until his last dime was gone, and then—— His last dime was gone, and he recognizes that the cruicial moment has come.

As John Combes he has lived here for twelve or fourteen months, as John Combes he can die here. He has but to destroy the letter he sat up writing the night before, and he will be buried in a pauper's grave under the name he has assumed, the name which will tell the world nothing.

It is the one single point he is undecided upon. Even in his misery, even in his despair, one desire has risen up in his heart—the desire to fling one last letter of defiance at the world, and at those who have treated him badly. The desire has been strong upon him to let his enemies know to what they have brought him.

He laid the revolver down, opened a drawer in the rickety old table and drew out a letter. It was sealed and addressed to the Coroner. Hesitating a moment he broke the seal and read the letter slowly.

"I'll leave it," he said, when he had finished. "If I destroyed it, and died without a word they'd bring in some ridiculous verdict—that I was mad, perhaps—and I'll have no lies told about me when I'm dead."

He lays the letter down and picks up the revolver again, loading it carefully with some cartridges he takes from the drawer. With a grim smile he closes it with a snap; he rises to his feet.

He looks out of the window across the housetops, his back is to the door.

"As well now as any time," he murmurs, and his hand steadily gripping the revolver, approaches his head.

A second more and John Branscombe would have fallen with a bullet in his brain. But at that instant a voice in a childish treble says:

"Please will you let me come in and talk to you?"

* * * * * * *

John Branscombe's hand fell and he turned to the door, concealing the revolver by his side. There on the threshold he saw a little girl about six years old, a child with lovely waving hair and great dark eyes lighting up a face grave and intelligent beyond her years. He recognized her as the child of some one in the dwellings, a child who was, during the daytime, and while her parent was absent at work, taken charge of by the wife of the caretaker below. He had first seen the child about a month before, when she had climbed the stairs and mistaken his room for her mother's.

"Come in, little neighbor; I am always glad to talk to you."

He slipped the revolver stealthily into his pocket and advanced toward the child.

She came in, shutting the door behind her as quietly as she had opened it, and sat down on the chair before the fireplace.

"And I'm always glad to talk to you," she answered. "I don't like talking to anybody but you and mamma. The others don't talk nice."

"What shall we talk about?"

"About yourself. What were you doing as I came in?"

The man started.

"What was I doing? I—I was starting on a long, long journey."

"You are going away! Oh, I am so—so sorry. But why are you going away?"

"Because," answered the man, trying to conquer his emotion, and speak lightly, "because I can no longer stay here—there is nothing left for me but to go."

"Will you——" the child hesitated, "will you tell me where you are going?"

"I am going," said the man in a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to control it, "I am going to a place where there is no more misery or wretchedness; to a place where the weary can rest in peace, where sorrow, and deceit, and disappointment are unknown."

The child clapped her hands.

"And you will be happy there?"

The man bowed his head.

"Yes, I hope so."

"But," persisted the little one, "where is this place?"

"Why do you wish to know?" he asked.

"Because I should like mamma to go there, too. Poor mamma, she does not wish to stay here. She is so sad sometimes, and works so hard. Couldn't she go to this place you are telling me about?"

"She will one day, but let us hope not for a long, long time."

"Why do you say that?"

"For your sake. If she went as I am going she would leave you behind—alone."

The child knitted her little brows and sat thinking. Then suddenly she lokked up and said:

"When do you mean to go?"

"To-night."

"Can't you put off your journey till to-morrow?"

"Why?"

"'Cause I like you so much, and I want to see you again. It'll be ever so long before you come back, won't it?"

"I shall never come back."

The child came to the man's side and took his hand. "I shall never like anybody so much as I do you," she said, looking at him wistfully; "I shall cry when you are gone. Won't you wait till to-morrow, please?"

The man's figure shook with the emotion which was stirring his soul.

"I will wait till to-morrow," he replied, at last; "for your sake I will wait till to-morrow."

The little figure trotted to the door.

"I am so glad," the child said, softly, and disappeared down the stairs in the twilight.

* * * * * * *

John Branscombe has waited in vain all day for the promised visit from his little neighbor. Face to face though he was with the great crisis of his life, he had not thought for a moment of breaking his promise to the child. But morning had passed, the afternoon was on the wane, and night would be upon him in an hour or so. All day he had sat silently and patiently waiting for the last interview with his little friend. Food he had none, nor did he think of any. He only wondered why she had not come—had she forgotten?—was she ill?—was she gone.

The afternoon passed into evening, and still she had not come. A church clock outside boomed out the hour of 7 and startled him. At last he came to the conclusion he had waited in vain. He would listen for the clock and when it struck 8——

The sound of a light footstep on the stair aroused him. Then the door opened and the child came in, excited and breathless.

"You are here. I was afraid you would go without me seeing you."

"You didn't forget, then?" said the man. "I have waited all day. Where have you been?"

"Mrs. Tucker, who minds me for mamma, took me out with her, and we have only just got home, and, oh! please, here's a letter for you. The postman brought it as we came in."

"A letter!"

John Branscombe mechanically took the missive. It was addressed to him, John Combes, in a precise, legal-looking handwriting. He turned it over and stared at the back. There, stamped on the flap, was the address of a firm of lawyers he knew.

He tore the letter open feverishly and glanced through it.

"Dear Sir," it ran, "we have at last ascertained your address, and that you are living under the name of John Combes. We are glad to inform you that our clients, Messrs. Effington & Co., have come to a satisfactory understanding with the defendants in the case Branscombe vs. Ormonde, and are now in a position to make you an offer for such rights in your patent as you may be disposed to cede to them. An early interview will be esteemed a favor."

John Branscombe dropped into his chair. The letter meant salvation, and it had come to him by the hand of his little neighbor who had induced him to put off "the long journey" he had contemplated. But for her he would have been dead hours ago, and the news that at last justice was to be his would have come too late.

He dropped on his knee and drew the child to him.

"God bless you, little neighbor," he said. "Providence sent your baby footsteps to me."

A gentle tap came at the door.

"Come in," he said. The door opened and a woman stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "is my little——"

Then she stopped and staggered. John Branscombe had arisen and faced her.

His own child had saved him; his own child had brought husband and wife together after nearly seven years. —New York Weekly.

On the Installment Plan.

"What's that watch worth?" asked Mr. Klose, pointing to one in the show case.

"Ten dollars," replied the jeweler.

"I'll take it," said the customer, and after paying for it he went out.

The next day he came around again.

"This watch doesn't exactly suit me," he said. "What's that one worth?" pointing to another.

"Fifteen dollars."

"I'll take that instead of this one, if you don't mind."

"Certainly."

A day or two later he came in again.

"How good a watch have you got for $25?" he inquired.

"Well, $25 will get a pretty good timepiece," said the jeweler, handing one out. "Here's one with a gold filled case and full jeweled. The movement is warranted."

"I'll take it."

He paid the difference, took the watch and went away.

After the lapse of a few days he made his appearance once more.

"Have you got a first-class watch, with a solid gold case, that you can sell for $50?" he said.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Well, I'll take it," said Mr. Klose. "Here's the other watch and $25. That's the one I really wanted at first, but I hated to pay out all that money at once."—Youth's Companion.

Birds' Nests in Tiers.

In the little island of Layson, of the Hawaiian group, which has no human inhabitants, bird life is so dense that the various species have economized space by building their nests one above the other. The similarity of these tiers of nests to the flats in tall apartment houses is quite marked. For example, the petrel and the wedge tailed shearwater live in burrows which compare with an apartment house basement. Above them dwell the gray backed tern and the sooty tern. Higher still in bushes the red tailed tropic bird and the Christmas Island shearwater have their apartments. Higher still in shrubs the Laysan finch and the miller bird build their homes. The loftier branches of trees are filled with the red footed booby, the man'o-war bird and the Hawaiian tern. Naturalists who visited the island last year frequently crushed through the roofs of the petrel burrows, sinking to the knees in these subterranean bird homes. It was necessary in walking about to exercise great care lest nests and eggs and young of all kinds of birds be trampled upon.—Chicago News.

A Winter Hardship.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, has a constituent who rejoices in the name of Mike Quinn, who first saw the light of day in the "ould counthry." Quinn staked his claim to business patronage in Rutland in the days when a great influx of foreigners foliowed the opening of railroad construction work in that Commonwealth. Quinn opened a livery stable, and when he hung out his sign the "Mike" was missing. He said it didn't suit him, and his name forthwith was M. Quinn.

One day a friend who had been, figuratively speaking, down in the heels, dropped into his office. He told Quinn that he had been unlucky all his life, in fact, was born under the guiding star of misfortune.

"Faith," replied Quinn, "and Oi'm with yer in thot. Whin Oi was a bhoy Oi had niver a sint and Oi wint hungry m'ny's ther toime. Oi used to go barefooted, but that wasn't so harrud. But Oi did used to moind it a bit when skatin' toime came and Oi had to run the spoike up my heel to keep the skate on."—Collier's Weekly.

Summoned by Name.

An exciting lover's quarrel was once brought about by the young woman's accidental reading of a telegram wherein the unfortunate lover had spoken of his new yacht in terms of endearment, omitting to mention the fact that Geraldine was only a boat. A similar blunder is reported by the Philadelphia Telegraph.

There were five passengers in the street car, and as it approached a crossing the conductor called, "William."

One man got up and went out.

"Ann!" announced the conductor, and a woman left the car.

Tucked away in the corner was a little man with a foreign looking face. When the conductor called "George!" and another passenger alighted, the little man awoke to the situation. He rose, tiptoed down the aisle and whispered to the conductor: "Before you calls out de name of de lady in dere, I'll tell you I wants to git off soon. My name it is Paul."

POPULAR SCIENCE

Men have a more acute sense of smell than women.

The banana and potato are almost identical in chemical composition.

Electricity secured from the mountain streams of France is poetically referred to as "white coal."

In five minutes the average man would die for want of air; for want of water, in a week; for want of sleep, in ten days.

In Chicago and New York, according to recent statistics, pneumonia has now superseded pulmonary tuberculosis as the cause of greatest mortality.

Men who talk much have their beards grow gray earlier than their hair. The hair of men who are studious or think much, becomes gray long before their beards.

In the interest of preventing consumption in the boarding schools of France, only metal bedsteads are permitted, every child older than twelve must sleep in a room by itself, and in the kitchen and the dining room scientific precautions must be taken against the disease.

SPORT OF THE AUTOMANIAC

Necessity For Laws Governing the Speed of the Automobiles.

The Massachusetts Legislature of this year, after careful deliberation, passed a bill to regulate the use of automobiles and motor cycles. It provides for the registering of machines and the licensing of their operators; it limited their speed to fifteen miles an hour on country roads, and to ten miles an hour in cities or the thickly settled parts of towns. The law was to go into effect on the 1st of September, and now before it has really had a chance to be tried and its workings observed the automobilists, it is understood, are organizing to secure its repeal at the meeting of the next Legislature. The registration of the machines and the numbering of them plainly, together with the licensing of their operators for the purpose of identification, appear to be particularly obnoxious to those affected by these measures.

This is thoroughly characteristic of the automaniac who wishes to indulge in his favorite sport of rushing through the crowded streets and over country roads at railroad speed without the slightest regard for the rights of other users of public highways and then to evade any responsibility for the accidents he may cause by avoiding recognition. Such individuals can be restrained only by the most stringent measures. The Massachusetts law, as it now stands, is none too strict and is far less so than the law which it has been found necessary to enact in England and on the continent of Europe. Instead of trying to have this law repealed, the automobilists would do well to keep quiet lest a worse thing happen to them.

This organized effort to have the speed limit both in town and country increased and to do away with the means of identifying those who violate the laws in this respect has moved certain gentlemen of prominence in Boston to issue a circular letter calling attention to the matter. The letter asks for cooperation in bringing this matter to the attention of candidates for election to the Legislature, so as to secure a statement from them of their attitude in regard to it. The law was passed after a careful canvass and deserves a fair trial for a year or more, so that its effects may be observed. Then, if it is found to work any real hardship to automobilists, modifications can be considered. Experience abroad has shown how utterly inconsiderate of the rights of others many automobilists are and that severe punishment is the only thing that will make such listen to reason. The Massachusetts law is commendable as far as it goes, and could be imitated with advantage in other States, and the people may be depended upon, as soon as their attention is aroused, to second the efforts of those moving in opposition to the effort to secure its repeal.—Providence Journal.

Umbrellas Now Made to Order.

In these progressive days one is not obliged to buy umbrellas "ready made" unless one choose. It is quite the fashion to go to a manufacturer and order an umbrella made up to suit the individual taste.

The handles and tips are in great variety—in gold, silver, pearl, tortoise shell and gun metal. Some are plain, while others are handsomely mounted and decorated. When the umbrella wears out the handle and tips, if of the best material, will be as good as new. The frame can then be turned over to an umbrella maker to re-cover.

Among the novelties in Christmas gifts in the leading dry goods houses were handles and tips, which came beautifully mounted in a box.

How Could It Be a Mistake.

What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.

"I notice in the Daily Hoodoo that Mr. Biffkins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband. "He died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

Had Seventy-five Great-Grandchildren.

Mrs. Elizabeth McLean is dead at Scammon at the remarkable age of 107 years. She was probably the oldest person in the State, and was the mother of twelve children and the grandmother of eighty-four grandchildren, most of whom are living in the community of Scammon and Frontenac. Seventy-five great-grandchildren are known to be living in this country, besides those in Ireland, where she was born.—Topeka Capital.

THEY WERE MOSTLY MISTAKEN.

A well-known Indiana man,
  One dark night late last week
Went to the cellar with a match
  In search of a gas leak.
    (He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
  (Despatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
  To see if it was loaded.
    (It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
  A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
  Not quicker than the nipper.
    (It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that the human eyes
  Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
  Upon an angry bull.
    (It wouldn't.)

James Wilkins fancied if he died
  The rolling sphere would stop;
He took the gas route to see if
  The world would shut up shop.
    (It didn't.)

—San Francisco Bulletin.

Humor of Today

Miss Withers—"When Harold kissed me he told me that he loved me." The Friend—"What a waste of words."—Town Topics.

They shiver by the steam pipes,
  While their vigils drear they keep,
For the frost is on the window
  And the janitor's asleep.

"My friend," said the parson, "you should be content with what you have." "I am," replied the grumbler; "it's what I haven't got that worries me."—Chicago News.

The general opinion of the neighbors is that the Chelsea girl who has had her winter hat trimmed with sprays of mistletoe has gone a step too far.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

'Tis hard to get along in life
  If fortune smile or frown,
For first you live your income up,
  Then try to live it down.
—Life.

"Our new company is capitalized at $40,000,000." "Great! Let me see your prospectus." "Oh, we haven't got out a prospectus yet. The—er—the blamed printer wants his pay in advance."—Puck.

"Impressionism," said the fiance, as he gazed ruefully at the powder-stained waistcoat, where her fair head had rested, "may be all right, but it's a poor thing in engagements."—Princeton Tiger.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "No, siree! I don't intend to keep right on buying her candy and flowers. She'll have to do without that."—Detroit Free Press.

"Why," he was asked, "do you give your audience so much ragtime music?" "Because," said the great bandmaster, swallowing a sob, "that's all that gives me my glad rags and my easy time."—Chicago Tribune.

Henley—"So you liked my brother's singing at the vaudeville show last evening? And yet some people say he can't sing at all!" Bentley—"He can't. That's what makes it so interesting when he tries to."—Boston Transcript.

Manager—"I'm going to start a comedy company on the road in a couple of weeks." Crittick—"What's the play?" Manager—"Oh, I haven't written that yet, but I heard a good joke to-day that we can use in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Dashaway—"A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth, and so forth." Cleverton—"And she believed you, didn't she?" "How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life.

"I believe in corporal punishment," said the man. "You can't bring up children right by simply talkin' to them. I used to get licked nearly every day when I was a boy." Then seventeen people arose and shouted: "Who wants further proof that whipping is horrible?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Discovery of Radium.

It was at the close of the year 1897 that I began to study the compounds of uranium, the properties of which had greatly attracted my interest. Here was a substance emitting spontaneously and continuously radiations similar to Roentgen rays, whereas ordinarily Roentgen rays can be produced only in a vacuum-tube with the expenditure of electrical energy. By what process can uranium furnish the same rays without expenditure of energy and without undergoing apparent modification? Is uranium the only body whose compounds emit similar rays? Such were the questions I asked myself, and it was while seeking to answer them that I entered into the researches which have led to the discovery of radium.—Mme. Curie, in the Century Magazine.

Nature's Equilibrium.

Some twenty-five years ago mongooses were imported into Barbados to drive the rats which ate the sugar cane. Now the sugar planters have petitioned the governor to authorize the destruction of the mongooses because the latter, instead of confining their attention to the rats, have driven out many useful native animals, including lizards, which were the enemies of the moth-borer caterpillars. The caterpillars are now left free to penetrate the sugar canes, thereby making holes for the lodgment of destructive fungi. Thus in the continual struggle for existence nature herself is often found to have established the best system of equilibrium, interference with which brings more ills than it drives away.

Zinc White From Mine Slag.

News received from abroad would seem to indicate that Professor Ellershausen, a well-known German chemist, has invented a process of extracting zinc white from slag. He and Professor Sir William Ramsay successfully experimented at the Hafaa mine in North Wales, showing that a ton of zinc white can be extracted from fifteen tons of slag by a far simpler and cheaper process than is now used in a roundabout production from spelter.

Great Britain imports about 200,000 tons of zinc white annually from the United States, Germany and Belgium.